# THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. III. OCTOBER, 1907. NO. 10.

## WHEN FOUND—

IN connection with the Second Annual Movable Conference, which is to be held in London on Saturday, October 5, a Dickens Fellowship Dinner will take place at the Holborn Restaurant, New Oxford Street, W.C., at 7 p.m. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London (Alderman Sir W. P. Treloar, Bart.) will preside. Among those who have promised to be present are the Rev. Canon Benham, D.D., His Honour Judge Bompas, K.C. (whose father, the late Mr. Sergeant Bompas, was the prototype of Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz), Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Past President of the Dickens Fellowship, Mr. Edmund Dickens, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Wilfred Whitten, Acting Editor of *T.P.'s Weekly* (known to the readers of that paper as "John o' London"), and many others. There will also be present delegates from our Branches all over England. It is hoped that there will be a large gathering, if only to mark appreciation of the interest which the Lord Mayor has always shown in the Fellowship. Ladies will be specially welcome. Tickets for members and friends, 5s. each, may be obtained of the Hon. Secretary, Whitcomb House, Whitcomb Street, W.C.

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We reprint in the present number an article by Charles Dickens on Maclise's cartoon, "The Spirit of Chivalry." This picture of the great artist was exhibited in the Westminster Hall in 1845, and Dickens's appreciation of it was doubtless written at about the same time, and appeared in a magazine of the period. There is a proof of it in the Forster Collection at South Kensington, but no indication is given as to what publication it was published in. Perhaps some reader may, after reading it, be able to help us in discovering its source.

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Mr. Arthur Humphreys, Hon. Secretary of the Manchester Branch, who has been spending some time in Switzerland, recently gave his lecture "An Evening with Dickens," before the Free Church Touring Guild at Vevey on the Lake of Geneva. Rev. Gilbert Muir. of New Cross, London, presided. Several members of the audience signified their intention to join the Fellowship. A cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer on the motion of Rev. Walter Owen, of Penzance, seconded by Mr. John Douglas, of Dulwich. Previous to the lecture, Mr. Humphreys conducted a party to the Villa Rosemont in Lausanne, where Dickens at one time resided. The room which he used as a study and in which much of *Dombey and Son* was written was shown to the interested visitors.

The readings from the works of Dickens which the novelist himself arranged and used at all his public recitals in this country and in America will be published this month by Messrs. Chapman & Hall in a convenient and handy volume, and will have for frontispiece the portrait of Dickens in the act of reading, painted by Alfred Bryan. These readings were issued some years ago, but have long been out of print. The unique value of the works of England's most popular novelist for platform recital is becoming more and more generally realised, and no better guide for this purpose can be found than these extracts arranged especially for public performance, and used before so many thousands by their "only begetter" himself.

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Last autumn the same publishers issued the Christmas numbers of *Household Words* in their complete form with the authors' names to each chapter for the first time, and, in deference to the expressed wish of many purchasers of the series, they have now added those of *All the Year Round*. The volumes comprising the series are "The Haunted House," "A Message from the Sea," "Tom Tiddler's Ground," "Somebody's Luggage," "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy," "Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions," "Mugby Junction," "No Thoroughfare."

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Sometime in December the Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Club will present a new comedy, entitled "Dolly Varden," adapted by Mr. Walter Dexter from *Barnaby Rudge*, at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, S.E.; at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, W.; and at the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway, N. We hope to give full particulars of the arrangements of these performances in our next issue.

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Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore, who has been the honorary stage-manager of the club since its inception, has had to resign his position on account of his leaving London. His services have been invaluable, and much of the success of the performances has been due to his untiring efforts. Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross, who acted as Mr. Shore's Assistant, has been elected to fill the vacancy, with Mr. Frank Staff as assistant stage-manager.

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Dickens did so much to make the Londoner appreciate the beauty and wonderfulness of his city that one may rightly assume that all Dickensians are interested in its landmarks and history. To all such we would recommend a dainty little handbook written by Mr. W. J. Roberts, entitled "Some Old London Memorials." It is delightfully chatty and informative, and pleasantly devoid of the usual stilted and matter-of-fact manner of guide books. Charmingly illustrated from photographs, especially taken by the author, of those curious signs, monuments, and places which many of us know of but have never seen, it is calculated to remind the Londoner how little he knows of the greatest city in the world. Mr. T. W. Laurie is the publisher.

THE EDITOR.

# THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY

## IN WESTMINSTER HALL

By CHARLES DICKENS.

"OF all the Cants that are canted in this canting world," wrote Sterne, "kind Heaven defend me from the cant of Art!" We have no intention of tapping our little cask of cant, soured by the thunder of great men's fame, for the refreshment of our readers: its present draught would be unreasonably dear at a shilling, when the same small liquor may be had for nothing, at innumerable ready pipes and conduits; and may even be drawn off, sparkling, from the fountain-head, on application to Mr. Eastlake, secretary to the Fine Arts' Commission, who is obligingly ready to dispense it, *ex officio*, wholesale or retail, in any quantity.

But it is a main part of the design of this Magazine to sympathise with what is truly great and good; to hail the bright nobility of genius, though it shine not through the clouds of Diletanti lords and bargain-driving princes; to scout the miserable discouragements that beset, especially in England, the upward path of men of high desert; and gladly to give honour where it is due, in right of Something achieved, tending to elevate the tastes and thoughts of all who contemplate it, and prove a lasting credit to the country of its birth.

Upon the walls of Westminster Hall, there hangs, at this time, such a Something. A composition of such marvellous beauty, of such infinite variety, of such masterly design, of such vigorous and skilful drawing, of such thought and fancy, of such surprising and delicate accuracy of detail, subserving one grand harmony, and one plain purpose, that it may be questioned whether the Fine Arts in any period of their history have known a more remarkable performance.

It is the cartoon of Daniel Maclise, "executed by order of the Commissioners," and called The Spirit of Chivalry. It is so many feet and inches high, by order of the Commisioners; and so many feet and inches broad, by order of the Commissioners. Its proportions are exceedingly difficult of management, by order of the Commissioners; and its subject and title were an order of the Commissioners. It may be left an open question, whether or no this allegorical bespeak on the part of the Commissioners, displays any uncommon felicity of idea. We rather think not; and are free to confess that we should like to have seen the Commissioners' notion of the Spirit of chivalry stated by themselves, in the first instance, on a sheet of foolscap, as the ground-plan of a model cartoon. That the treatment of such an abstraction, for the purposes of Art, involves great and peculiar difficulties, no one who considers the subject for a moment can doubt. That nothing is easier to render it absurd and monstrous, is a position as little capable of dispute by anybody who has beheld another cartoon on the same subject in the same Hall, representing a Ghoule in a state of raving madness, dancing on a Body in a very high wind, to the great astonishment of John the Baptist's head, which is looking on from a corner.

Mr. Maclise's handling of the subject has by this time sunk into the hearts of thousands upon thousands of people. It is familiar knowledge among all classes and conditions of men. It is the great feature within the Hall, and the constant topic of discourse elsewhere. It has awakened in the great body of society a new interest in, and a new perception and a new love of Art. Students of Art have sat before it, hour by hour, perusing in its many forms of Beauty, lessons to delight the world, and raise themselves, its future teachers, in its better estimation. Eyes well accustomed to the glories of the Vatican, the galleries of Florence, all the mightiest works of art in Europe, have grown dim before it with the strong emotions it inspires; ignorant, unlettered, drudging men, mere hewers and drawers, have gathered in a knot about it (as at our back a week ago), and read it, in their homely language, as it were a Book. In minds, the roughest and the most refined, it has alike found quick response; and will, and must, so long as it shall hold together.

For how can it be otherwise? Look up, upon the pressing throng who strive to win distinction from the Guardian Genius of all noble deeds and honourable renown: a gentle Spirit, holding her fair state for their reward and recognition (do not be alarmed, my Lord Chamberlain; this is only in a picture); and say what young and ardent heart may not find one to beat in unison with it—beat high with generous aspiration like its own—in following their onward course, as it is traced by this great pencil! Is it the Love of Woman, in its truth and deep devotion, that inspires you? See it here! Is it Glory, as the world has learned to call the pomp and circumstance of arms? Behold it at the summit of its exaltation, with its mailed hand resting on the altar where the Spirit ministers. The Poet's laurel-crown, which they who sit on thrones can neither twine nor wither—is *that* the aim of ambition? It is there, upon his brow; it wreathes his stately forehead, as he walks apart and holds communion with himself. The Palmer and the Bard are there; no solitary wayfarers, now; but two of a great company of pilgrims, climbing up to honour by the different paths that lead to the great end. And sure, amidst the gravity and beauty of them all—unseen in his own form, but shining in his spirit, out of every gallant shape and earnest thought—the Painter goes triumphant!

Or say that you who look upon this work be old, and bring to it grey hairs, a head bowed down, a mind on which the day of life has spent itself, and the calm evening closes gently in. Is its appeal to you confined to its presentment of the Past? Have you no share in this, but while the grace of youth and the strong resolve of maturity are yours to aid you? Look up again. Look up where the spirit is enthroned, and see about her, reverend men, whose task is done; whose struggle is no more; who cluster round her as her train and council; who have lost no share or interest in that great rising up and progress, but, true in Autumn to the purposes of Spring, are there to stimulate the race who follow in their steps; to contemplate, with hearts grown serious, not cold or sad, the striving in which they once had part; to die in that great Presence,

THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.

By DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

*From an engraving in C. Van Noorden's Collection.*

which is Truth and Bravery, and Mercy to the Weak: beyond all power of separation.

It would be idle to observe of this last group that, both in execution and idea, they are of the very highest order of Art, and wonderfully serve the purpose of the picture. There is not one among its three and twenty heads of which the same remark might not be made. Neither will we treat of great effects produced by means quite powerless in other hands for such an end, or of the prodigious force and *colour* which so separate this work from all the rest exhibited, that it would scarcely appear to be produced upon the same kind of surface by the same description of instrument. The bricks and stones and timbers of the Hall itself are not facts more indisputable than these.

It has been objected to this extraordinary work that it is too elaborately finished; too complete in its several parts. And Heaven knows, if it be judged in this respect by any standard in the Hall about it, it will find no parallel, nor anything approaching it. But it is a design, intended to be afterwards copied and painted in fresco; and certain finish must be had at last, if not at first. It is very well to take it for granted in a Cartoon that a series of cross-lines, almost as rough and apart as the lattice-work of a garden summer-house, represents the texture of the human face; but the face cannot be *painted* so. A smear upon the paper may be understood, by virtue of the context gained from what surrounds it, to stand for a limb, or a body, or a cuirass, or a hat and feathers, or a flag, or a boot, or an angel. But when the time arrives for rendering these things in colours on a wall, they must be grappled with, and cannot be slurred over in this wise. Great misapprehension on this head seems to have been engendered in the minds of some observers by the famous cartoons of Raphael; but they forget that these were never intended as designs for fresco painting. They were designed for tapestry work, which is susceptible of only certain broad and general effects, as no one better knew than the Great Master. Utterly detestable and vile as the tapestry is, compared with the immortal Cartoons from which it is worked, it is impossible for any man who casts his eyes upon it where it hangs at Rome, not to see immediately the special adaptation of the drawings to that end, and for that purpose. The aim of these Cartoons being wholly different, Mr. Maclise's object, if we understand it, was to show precisely what he meant to do, and knew he could perform, in fresco, on a wall. And here his meaning is; worked out; without a compromise of any difficulty; without the avoidance of any disconcerting truth; expressed in all its beauty, strength, and power.

To what end? To be perpetuated hereafter in the high place of the chief Senate-House of England? To be wrought, as it were, into the very elements of which that Temple is composed; to co-endure with it, and still present, perhaps, some lingering traces of its ancient Beauty, when London shall have sunk into a grave of grass-grown ruin; and the whole circle of the Arts, another revolution of the mighty wheel completed, shall be wrecked and broken?

Let us suppose no such reward in store for the great English artist

who has set his genius on this English state. Let us go further; and putting a hypothetical case founded on certain rumours, which have already made their way into print, or into pretty general discussion with some aspect of authority, endeavour to explain to two or three of the Commissioners our own idea of what the spirit of chivalry in *them* would be. We do not exactly contemplate the likelihood of the manifestation of their own subject in all of them; that were mere midsummer madness as Commissioners go; but we have heard of there being among them men of letters: men devoted to pursuits and tastes not altogether removed from, nay, somewhat closely leading to, the just appreciation and the manly championship of such a Work; as Poets, Writers of History, Orators and Scholars, who have words enough at their command when they see fit to use them. Now, we should deem it no inappropriate illustration of the Spirit of Chivalry in one of these, if rising in his place among the rest, he told them a few wholesome truths, and, speaking after what flourish his nature would, shaped out this matter thus:—

"What, my Lords and Gentlemen! Reserve for another, the Post of Honour, the conspicuous place behind the Throne; and offer to the man who has set his before you, an inferior place in an inferior room; an ante-chamber of the House of Commons, where he may try his hand like some poor journeyman in Art! Is this the true performance of your trust? Is this the British recognition of a claim which any little sovereign in Europe would have been proud to honour and reward? Hath not a commissioner eyes? hath not a commissioner hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Does he lose them all in the Commission Room, and dwindle down into a mere polite machine: a deferential and obsequious instrument?

"Oh, your royal Highness, look upon this work again! Have some regard for its originality: its execution, its design, its combination of high qualities so rare, that any One of them has often furnished forth a Painter! I do not question the ability of the artist whom you raise above this lofty head: I have ever done it justice, and I do so now. Nor do I venture to dispute that it is natural and amiable in you to love the German school of art, even at second-hand. But there is Justice to be done! The object of this competition was encouragement and exaltation of English art; and in this work, albeit done on paper which soon rots, the Art of England will survive, assert itself, and triumph, when the stronger seeming bones and sinews of your royal Highness and the rest, shall be but to much Dust. A breath from princely lungs may blow it, light as thistle-down, into a disregarded corner of the pile now rearing, but when that breath has been puffed out, and stopped for scores upon scores of years, the frail thing now discouraged, will wax strong against you!"

In the hypothetical case we have put, this is our notion of the Spirit of Chivalry in any one of the Commissioners. In the same hypothetical case, we will conclude by observing that anything short of this is the exact realisation of our notion of the innermost Spirit of Meanness and Injustice.

# DICKENS IN EDINBURGH

By J. J. STEVENSON.

## I.

"BE pleasant with the Scottish people in handling Johnson, because I love them." So wrote Charles Dickens shortly before his death to Mr. Charles Mackay; in another letter he says: "I am much attached to the Edinburgh people," and as Forster tells us, "he had no half-heartedness in any of his likings."

The Scottish people on their part loved him, and in no place was he more heartily received, more warmly welcomed on all occasions than in Edinburgh, that "cold, grey city by the northern sea," wherein so many giants in literature, science, and art have lived and moved, and had their being.

In April, 1841, Jeffrey visited London, and ere he left the first of the Scottish visits was arranged. The public dinner was also spoken of, at which Lord Jeffrey himself was to have taken the chair, but when the time came he was ill, and Wilson took his place. During this visit the novelist and his wife stayed at the Royal Hotel, arriving there on the night of June 22nd. Warm indeed was his reception. In the brilliant noontide of his fame he had come, and if ever he had doubted the sincerity of his Scottish admirers, those doubts were very speedily set at rest. "I have been this morning to the Parliament House," he writes to Forster, "and am now introduced (I hope) to everybody in Edinburgh." We also learn that "the hotel was perfectly besieged," that he liked his apartments, one of them being specially set aside for the "Clock," with which he was at this time very much occupied; also that "the Castle is in front of the windows, and the view is noble." We also get some characteristic sketches of the leading men he met at this time. "The renowned Peter Robinson is a large, portly, full-faced man, with a merry eye, and a queer way of looking under his spectacles, which is characteristic and pleasant. He seems a very warm-hearted man, too, and I felt quite at home with him forthwith." There is also a long description of Wilson, from which the following sentence is taken:—"A bright, clear-complexioned, mountain-looking fellow—he looks as if he had just come down from the Highlands, and never in his life taken pen in hand."

The banquet itself was a great success, and Dickens received a perfect ovation. He writes of it thus—"The great event is over, and being gone, I am a man again. It was the most brilliant affair you can conceive; the completest success possible, from first to last. . . . It is impossible to describe the scene. It beat all natur'." A reference also occurs in this letter to his having received the freedom of the city, voted to him by the Lord Provost, Council and Magistrates in "testimony of the sense entertained by them of your distinguished abilities as an author."

This parchment scroll he ever regarded as one of his most cherished possessions, and it hung framed in his study to the last.

Gordon (Wilson's son-in-law), Neaves, Mr. Primrose, son of the then Lord Rosebery, Adam Black, Dr. Alison, Robertson,

Allan—all these are mentioned, and the following amusing reference made to the Lords of Session:—

"The judges, Solicitor-General, Lord Advocate, and so forth, were here to call the day after our arrival. The judges never go to public dinners in Scotland. Lord Meadowbank alone broke through the custom, and none of his successors have imitated him. It will give you a good notion of party to hear that the Solicitor-General and the Lord Advocate refused to go unless the croupier or the chairman were Whigs. Both (Wilson and Robertson) were Tories, simply because, Jeffrey excepted, no Whig could be found who was adapted to the office. The solicitor laid strict injunctions on Napier not to go if a Whig were not in office. No Whig was, so he stayed away. I think this good, bearing in mind that all the old Whigs of Edinburgh were cracking their throats in that room. They gave out that they were ill, and the Lord Advocate did actually lie in bed all the afternoon; but this is the real truth, and one of the judges told it me with great glee."

The days following were one continuous round of dinners, receptions, visits. Dickens went twice to the theatre—once privately, the second time being a public appearance, on which last occasion he and his friends on entering were much amused by the band playing vigorously, "Charlie is my Darling."

He was also during this visit asked to become Member of Parliament for a Scotch county, but declined the offer.

A trip to the Highlands followed in July, and in December, 1847, Dickens opened the Glasgow Athenaeum, and then came through to Edinburgh, where he spent the last day of the old year and the first of the new one. He writes from Edinburgh to Forster thus—"We came over from Glasgow this afternoon, leaving Glasgow at one o'clock. . . . The great chemist Gregory, who spoke at the meeting, returned with us to-day, and gave me many new lights on the road, regarding the extraordinary pains Macaulay seems to have taken for years to make himself disagreeable and disliked here. . . . I am sorry to report the Scott monument a failure. It is like the spire of a Gothic church taken off and stuck in the ground."

In a letter written from Dublin that same year occurs the following:—"I was surprised to find this place very much larger than I had supposed it to be. Its bye parts are bad enough, but cleaner, too, than I had supposed them to be, and certainly very much cleaner than the old town of Edinburgh."

On March 26th Dickens read "The Christmas Carol" to the members of the Philosophical Institution, and at the close was presented by the Lord Provost with a massive silver wassail cup, which, it will be remembered, he bequeathed in his will to his son Charles.

Later on in September he returned again to Edinburgh, having been joined by his two daughters at Newcastle-on-Tyne. They came on from there on the 27th September. The Royal Scottish Academy had given a dinner to Stanfield and Roberts the previous week, to which he had been very urgently invited, but his engagements compelled him to refuse.

At first it seemed somewhat doubtful if this visit would be a success, but after the first night, when "The Chimes" was read, and the effect was great, no doubts remained on this point. "The Poor Traveller," "Boots at Holly Tree Inn," and "Sarah Gamp" were the readings for the next evening, and hundreds failed to get admission; and on the last night, when the "Carol" was given, in spite of advertisements stating that all tickets had been sold, crowds besieged the doors, and the ticket-holders only got in with the utmost difficulty. Dickens said himself, "I think I am better pleased with what was done in Edinburgh than with what has been done anywhere almost. It was so completely taken by storm and carried in spite of itself. Mary and Katey have been infinitely pleased and delighted with Edinburgh."

When next he returned in 1861 the city had been thrilled by a terrible catastrophe. In a letter written from Berwick-on-Tweed, dated 25th November, Dickens thus describes what had taken place:—

"I write (in a gale of wind, with a high sea running) to let you know that I go on to Edinburgh at half-past eight to-morrow morning. . . . There has been a horrible accident in Edinburgh. One of the seven-storey old houses in the High Street fell when it was full of people. Berry was at the bill-poster's house, a few doors off, waiting for him to come home, when he heard what seemed like thunder, and the air was darkened with dust 'as if an immense quantity of steam had been let off,' and then all that dismal quarter set up shrieks, which he says were most dreadful."

From the Waterloo Hotel he wrote another letter, in which he further refers to this dire disaster. "Gordon* dined with me yesterday. . . . I went with him (as his office goes anywhere) right into and among the ruins of the fallen building yesterday. They were still at work trying to find two men (brothers), a young girl, and an old woman, known to be all lying there. On the walls one or two common clocks are still hanging; one of them, judging from the time at which it stopped, would seem to have gone for an hour or so after the fall. Great interest had been taken in a poor linnet in a cage, hanging in the wind and rain, high up against the broken wall. A fireman got it down alive, and great exultation has been raised over it. One woman, who was dug out unhurt, staggered into the street, stared all round her, instantly ran away, and has never been heard of since. It is a most extraordinary sight, and of course makes a great sensation."

As usual, Dickens's welcome was most enthusiastic; he says: "In a gale of wind and a fierce rain last night, we turned away a thousand people. There was no getting into the hall, no getting near the hall, no stirring among the people, no getting out, no possibility of getting rid of them, and yet, in spite of all that, and of them being steaming wet, they never flagged for an instant, and took up the trial upon their very shoulders to the last word in a triumphant roar."

* The Sheriff of Midlothian.

## ELVES

By WILMOT CORFIELD

"*Fairy*," "an imaginary being having a human form though of a stature much below human."—*Dictionary*.

"*Mr. Pickwick was a fairy, and so was old Mr. Weller.*"
*Charles Dickens*, by G. K. CHESTERTON.

FULL thrice twelve moons have waxed and paled and sped
Since England wept—a mighty-hearted mourner—
And laid to sleep her loved and latest dead
In our grey Abbey's sun-encircled corner:
And still the ills he fought we strive to castigate,
But, still, we're told of things we can't quite masticate.

We love our Chesterton; his nimble wit
Is clean and crisp, and clear of all acerbity—
Yet is it well to score a critic's hit
By trifling with our notions of absurdity?
Let elfin Pickwick caper with avidity—
But leave us Weller free from such stupidity.

We'll try to picture Pickwick on the prance,
A-skip like Phyllis, or a-smile like Zena;
Or, like the ladies that we see in France,
A pert, though portly, gliding ballerina—
"In a Pickwickian sense," a-pirouetting;—
But Tony tripping it is *too* upsetting.

Just think on Tony swinging half the night,
Head downwards from a dew-wrought cobweb's tangle,
Or diving from a cowslip-crested height
Into some mossy dell where blue-bells jangle,
Or tossing milk white arms above his cranium,
Or laving milk white feet in some geranium!

That gracious girth, that wealth of ample vest,
Who *could* connect them with a gait fantastic?
That tale of noble inches round the chest
Prepostulates behavious inelastic.
Ah, no! Our Weller's regular royal rotundity
Forbids a joke lead-laden with profundity.

## NEW EDITIONS OF FORSTER'S LIFE OF DICKENS.

Forster's Life of Dickens will this month be added to the "Fireside" and "Oxford India Paper" editions of the novelist's works. All the portraits, illustrations, and facsimiles will be included in each, and the text will be set from new type, uniform with the other volumes in the series. In the former edition the price will be 2s. net in cloth, and 3s. 6d. net in leather: in the latter 2s. 6d. net in cloth, and 3s. 6d. net in leather.

## THE NATIONAL DICKENS LIBRARY

GREAT prominence has recently been given to the above scheme, for which the Dickens Fellowship has been diligently working for some time past, brought about by the following letter which Lord James of Hereford addressed to the Press:—

"May we make an earnest appeal through your columns for what is really a very small sum, to establish a memorial in London to Charles Dickens? The memorial will be no mere monument (Mr. Dickens, in his will, objected to such tributes), but will be a most valuable aid to writers and students.

"The work was taken in hand by the Dickens Fellowship, which has raised some £200 by the efforts of its own members toward the £500 required to establish the library on an adequate basis, with a balance in hand for the purchase of some items which may advantageously be added to the collection that is now being purchased.

"A small committee (with the Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Purdie Treloar, Bart., as chairman) has been formed to act with the council of the Dickens Fellowship. Particulars of the National Dickens Library are enclosed, and we confidently appeal to lovers of literature and admirers of Charles Dickens for subscriptions, which will be received and acknowledged by the secretary, The National Dickens Library Fund, Whitcomb House, Whitcomb Street, Pall Mall, S.W.

"JAMES OF HEREFORD."

This letter has inspired leading articles in many of our leading daily papers, all of which have expressed their approval of the scheme, and urged those who have got entertainment and amusement from the genius of Dickens to contribute towards what will prove to be a memorial more fitting and worthy than any sculptor could create.

Readers of *The Dickensian* are so familiar with the outline of the scheme that we do not propose to deal further with it here. But we do appeal to those who have not yet contributed to the fund to send a subscription, however small, so that it may be said with pride that those lovers of Dickens who have bound themselves together "in a common bond of friendship," and meet in scores of places all over the world under the banner of "The Dickens Felowship," have done their share to place a concrete and lasting memorial to the memory of him they honour in the city he loved and glorified.

On Friday, September 20, a special recital was given at the Pavilion, Broadstairs, by Mr. Eric Williams, in aid of the above fund. Those responsible for the undertaking received the patronage of a long list of notable names in literature, art, and the law, and the Hall was so well filled that it is anticipated that the fund will be substantially augmented thereby.

Mr. Williams divided his programme into two parts, the first of which he devoted to *Hamlet*, and the second to *A Christmas Carol*. Mr. Williams is a talented elocutionist, and showed to great advantage in his Shakespearean recital. He was not quite so at home in Dickens's masterpiece. However, it was a very enjoyable evening's entertainment, and great credit is due to Broadstairs for taking up the scheme so thoroughly.

# F. W. TOPHAM'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO "A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND"

WHEN *A Child's History of England* was originally published in three volumes, in 1852, 1853, and 1854 respectively, each volume had a frontispiece especially drawn by F. W. Topham. The decorative border, which was printed in brown ink, was the same in each case, but the little pictures in the centre, printed in black ink, were different. These frontispieces were not used again in any editions of the book until Messrs. Chapman & Hall reprinted them in their now famous "National" Edition. They are charming little drawings, and readers of *The Dickensian* will be interested in the reproductions given in its pages. The whole of the design of the frontispiece to volume one forms a frontispiece to the present number, and on this page we give the centre pictures of those to volumes two and three.

FROM VOLUME THREE.

Topham was a well-known artist of his time, and did much good work in illustrating books. He was a friend, too, of Dickens, and took part in several of the theatrical performances in which Dickens so delighted; and in a letter to Forster he speaks of how well he did his work, and on another occasion of how he "has suddenly come out as a juggler and swallows candles, and does wonderful things with the poker very well indeed."

FROM VOLUME TWO.

*A Child's History of England* was the only one of Dickens's books on which Topham employed his artistic pencil.

# DICKENS'S DOCTORS *

By HENRY LEFFMANN, M.D.

TO understand the attitude of Dickens towards the medical profession, we must consider several points. In the first place we must bear in mind that his important writings cover the period from 1837 to 1870. Great progress has been made by the medical profession since that period. Many specialties have been clearly differentiated from the main body and in these, as in the now almost independent department of general surgery, antisepsis, and chemical and microscopic methods have brought the art of healing much nearer to a true science. Secondly, the social position of the physician has risen considerably. The organization of the profession through its societies and its journals has enabled it to exert powers in politics and social evolution that were unknown in Dickens's day.

So far as I can judge, the social position of the medical man in England is rather inferior. It is to be noted that very few of them have received the honours which are so appreciated in England and so liberally bestowed on soldiers, merchants, lawyers, brewers, and novelists—namely admission to the higher nobility. Very rarely has a doctor been made a peer. Lord Lister is conspicuous as an exception. Even Benjamin Brodie, Sergeant-surgeon to the late Queen, who for many years was the most intimate attendant on the sovereign, never rose above knighthood. Seventy years ago many English doctors were essentially tradesmen. Their office was a drug store (the surgery, it was called). They were not necessarily men of much culture, for the license to practice could be obtained without a university education, although the degree of M.D. could not be so easily secured. Moreover, an important branch of the profession, that of the surgeon, is separate from the bulk of the physicians and regards the latter with some degree of aloofness.

Mr. Dickens had a high sense of humour and he, therefore, saw in every phase of life odd and amusing features. He has dealt rather flippantly with all the learned professions—law, medicine, and divinity. His lawyers are a striking feature, due probably to his association with them in his early life. He dealt severely with the dissenting ministers, as witness Mr. Stiggins and Mr. Chadband. Most of his doctors are unattractive and many despicable.

His first novel presents us with the two medical students who will not be forgotten as long as English is a living language. Before they leave the scene, they are licensed to practice and Mr. Sawyer has established himself in his surgery (late Nockemorf) to which he probably did not disdain to call attention by a red lamp. There is, perhaps, a degree of caricature in the devices to secure patients; yet I have been informed on good authority that one well-known local specialist did not disdain, in the early days of his practice, to hire persons to sit in the waiting-rooms of his office

* Read at the first stated meeting of the Philadelphia Branch of the Dickens's Fellowship.

to impress the few real patients that visited him. In *Oliver Twist* which was next after *Pickwick*, we find the estimable Dr. Losberne, with whom the most critical disciple of Æsculapius is not likely to be displeased. Yet even in this invention, the spontaneous humour of the author finds vent in giving to a doctor a marked degree of artlessness and innocence.

Dickens's novels present, in some respects, a regular evolution dependent on the evolution of society. In some phases of criticism it would be necessary to take up the works in the order of their appearance, but this is not necessary in the matter now under treatment. Dickens did not study the medical profession as he studied charity systems or legal procedure. His doctors are spontaneous creations of his imagination tempered by acute observations. Many of his characters are composites, often inconsistent. It has been noted, for instance, that Mr. Perker, the attorney, is not true to himself. In the first presentation of him at the elopement of the spinster aunt, and at Eatanswill, he is alert, shrewd and not especially scrupulous, but in Bardell *v.* Pickwick he is inane and negligent.

In Mr. Jobling, M.R.C.S., Medical Director of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company, we have a fairly correct picture of the corporation doctor. Both he and the company he serves find abundant counterparts in our own time and country. Not the least of the touches of nature which we can still appreciate is Jobling's manner of expressing himself to certain patients about the "nonsensical bottles in his surgery" "for," he says, "they are nonsense—to tell the honest truth—one half are nonsense." It will be noted that as M.R.C.S. he is Mr. not Dr. Jobling. In one of Dickens's minor stories appears a Dr. Wosky, who is the type of the subservient doctor who encourages his patients in all their fantasies and eccentricities. He is of a genus by no means extinct.

One of the most favourable representations of the medical profession is a type rather than a person. This is "Physician" in *Little Dorrit*. Here again we have a delineation that must be pleasing to the medical profession. The social status is high and has been won by professional ability. The confidences that are necessarily imposed on such a man are sketched with an accurate hand. Let me quote:

"The dinner party was at the great Physician's. Bar was there and in full force. Ferdinand Barnacle was there and in his most engaging state. Few ways of life were hidden from Physician and he was oftener in its darkest places than even Bishop. . . . As no man of large experience of humanity, however quietly carried it may be, can fail to be invested with an interest peculiar to the possession of such knowledge, Physician was an attractive man. . . . Where he was, something real was. . . . It came to pass, therefore, that Physician's little dinners always presented people in their least conventional lights. The guests said to themselves, whether they were conscious of it or not; 'Here is a man who really has an acquaintance with us as we are, who is admitted to

some of us every day with our wigs and paint off, who hears the wanderings of our minds, and sees the undisguised expression of our faces, when both are past our control; we may as well make an approach to reality with him, for the man has got the better of us, and is too strong for us.' Therefore Physician's guests came out so surprisingly at his round table that they were almost natural."

Several doctors, of different types are scattered through *Bleak House*, and one occupies a position unusual for that profession in Dickens's novels, and perhaps generally in English novels, being, according to the standard of modern romance, the hero since he marries the heroine. Allan Woodcourt is, indeed, all that the young reader of romance would wish; brave, kind, sincere, faithful and adventurous, but he is so slightly sketched and so infrequent in his appearance that he produces no impression. Far different is it with Mr. Bayham Badger, who appears but little also, but that little quite enough to disgust us with him. Mr. Badger may seem to be an impossibility, but with the intense class consciousness of the English people, added to the not inappreciable class consciousness of professionals, we may accept him and his wife as included in the maxim that it takes all kinds of people to make a world. We find, in the same novel, a passing allusion which confirms what I said concerning the relative social status of the medical profession. "By all that is base and despicable" cried Mr. Boythorne "the treatment of surgeons aboard ship is such that I would submit the legs of every member of the Admiralty Board to a compound fracture, and render it a transportable offence in any qualified practitioner to set them, if the system was not wholly changed in twenty-four hours"—and much more in the same style.

In the *Tale of Two Cities* Dr. Manette occupies the most prominent position of any of Dickens's doctors, but quite out of relation to the medical profession, since that part of his life is merely history. Mr. Chillip, in *David Copperfield*, is of the Losberne type, mild and simple-hearted, but faithful and competent. It has been said of Thackeray, that his women characters may be arranged in two well-marked classes—the smart bad women, and the simple good ones. It may, I think, be said of Dickens's doctors, that they are either pompous, hypocritical and self abasing, "crooking the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning," or they are singularly unworldly, innocent creatures without ambition or force of character. It will not be necessary to multiply instances. Our novelist was not favourably impressed with the medical profession. It plays, it is true, but a secondary part in his stories, but such members as appear are not given an attrac. tive form except in the rare instance quoted from *Little Dorrit*. It might be thought that part of the indifference and inappreciation comes from unfamiliarity with the members of the profession, but Dickens lived nearly three score years and must have had occasion to meet many physicians in their practical work.

Before dismissing the subject it is worth while to inquire if the

attitude of the novelist is not unavoidable. Does it not grow out of the artistic limitations; in other words, do the life and work of a physician lend themselves to the purposes of the novelists? I am inclined to think that they do not. It is different with the other two great professions. In Robert Elsmere, Dr. Primrose and Arthur Dimmesdale, we have instances of the artistic possibilities with the clerical profession. The obligations laid upon them, their duty to resist temptation and to maintain a hopeful and contented spirit in the midst of misfortune, are all capable of being worked into dramatic narratives and climaxes. The lawyer can figure in intricate problems of crime and be an intimate part of that most fascinating form of narrative, the detective story. The daily incidents of the life of a clergyman or lawyer are easily presented and generally appreciated; but the daily incidents of a doctor's life can scarcely be detailed by any but those who have experienced them, and many of these experiences are not suited to general literature.

A modern instance may be quoted in support of my contention. The doctor-author, Sir Conan Doyle, has a great vogue. We are told that he gets enormous prices for his manuscripts. His Sherlock Holmes is one of the few creations of the present day that takes rank in popularity and value as a type with Dickens's creations. Doyle does not owe his popularity or his title to his portrayal of the medical man. His *Round the Red Lamp* was not the basis of his fame. This was due to the discovery of Sherlock, and although Dr. Watson appears frequently in the stories, it is almost always as contrast, by his inaptitude and want of perspicacity, to heighten the brilliancy of Sherlock's methods.

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## DICKENS EVADES A SPECIAL JURY

THE leading dignitaries of the law have taken an unusual turn of late to notice Mr. Dickens in their speeches. Vice-Chancellor Sir Page Wood, in an after-dinner speech at the Mansion House, during the late Mayoralty, thought proper to defend the Court of Chancery from the Jarndyce attack in *Bleak House;* and Lord Campbell, in court, the other day (and with his wig on) expressed his regret that Mr. Dickens had not attended to his summons on a special jury. Having finished his Chancery suit, his Lordship observed, Mr. Dickens, by attending, might have added to his knowledge of a suit at common law. The Lord Chief Justice seemed unwilling to fine the distinguished novelist for his non-attendance.—*Illustrated London News*, Feb. 11, 1854.

## LECTURES AND RECITALS AT THE PICKWICK EXHIBITION

THE Pickwick Exhibition having proved such an attraction, it was kept open for a further period than was announced in our last issue, and was not closed until September 21. The interest shown in the recitals and lectures prompted the committee to continue them, and on August 26 Mr. G. Nix Webber gave an excellent rendering of "A Christmas Carol" to a thoroughly appreciative audience. Mr. Webber, who has had a good stage experience behind him, made all the great characteristics of Dickens's masterpiece telling and effective, and delighted all who were fortunate enough to hear him. On September 5 the Editor of *The Dickensian* gave a lantern lecture entitled "A Chat about Dickens and the Places in his Books," which, for obvious reasons, we do not comment upon here, but give on another page an extract from an account of it which appeared in a contemporary journal.

Another topographical lecture was given by Mr. J. E. Palmer, on September 12, entitled "About England with Dickens," during which he showed a most interesting and varied series of slides made for the most part from his own photographs. In a delightfully discursive manner Mr. Palmer took his audience through some parts of London, Limehouse, Greenwich, Henley, Folkestone, Blunderstone, Greta Bridge, Rochester, and many other places of Dickensian interest in England, and a thoroughly pleasant time his journey proved to be. During intervals Mr. J. H. Douglas gave recitals of "Old Cheeseman," "The Flight of Em'ly," and "Harold Skimpole." Good as he was in the two first-named, he far excelled himself in the third, presenting the character of Harold Skimpole in a manner so thorough and masterly that one almost felt he had come straight out of the book, and fully merited the great reception he received.

Throughout the Exhibition the series of lectures and recitals have been a great feature, and have, no doubt, contributed considerably towards making the Pickwick Exhibition the popular success it has been.

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## SLEEP ON, SWEET NELL

Sleep on, Sweet Nell, sleep on:
Life's but a dream,
While death's the door
Through which we pass
To bliss immortal.

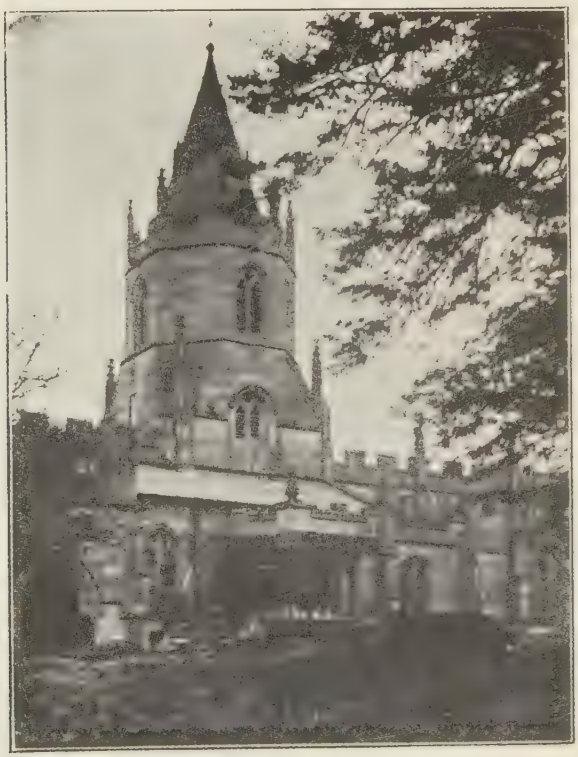
Sleep on, Sweet Nell, sleep on:
Death's but a sleep
From which we wake
To our real life,
In realms eternal.

FRANK SPEAIGHT

## WHERE LITTLE NELL DIED

WE are able to give a picture of Tong Church, which was described by Dickens in *The Old Curiosity Shop* as the scene of Little Nell's death.

Tong is near Shifnal, Salop, and the church, dedicated, according to the inscription on the big bell, to St. Mary the Virgin, and St. Bartholomew, was erected in 1410. Dickens himself told the



LITTLE NELL'S CHURCH AT TONG.

late Archdeacon Lloyd that Tong was the Church he was thinking of when he wrote the closing scenes in *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

"It was a very aged, ghostly place," he says. "The church had been built many hundreds of years ago, and had once had a convent or monastery attached; for arches in ruins, remains of oriel windows, and fragments of blackened walls, were yet standing; while other portions of the old building, which had crumbled away and fallen down, were mingled with the churchyard earth and overgrown with

grass, as if they too claimed a burying-place and sought to mix their ashes with the dust of men."

There is no doubt that the local colour for this portion of the book was derived from the locality when Dickens visited it on one of his reading tours.

We are indebted to Mr. Frank Speaight for the loan of this block, which was made from a photograph especially taken or him by the Reverend J E. Auden, M.A., the present Vicar of Tong. It shows the porch in which little Nell and her grandfather waited for their friend the schoolmaster, the ancient Baronial Chapel, and the tower up which little Nell went.

## DICKENS AND THE PLACES IN HIS BOOKS

"THE New Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly," says *The Publishers' Circular*, "was crowded to overflowing on September 5, when Mr. B. W. Matz, the editor of *The Dickensian*, delivered his lecture on 'Dickens and the Places in his Books.' Mr. Matz, in the early part of his discourse, dwelt upon the popularity of Dickens to-day, and showed in the course of his remarks the reason for it, and the absolute necessity for all who follow the trend of the modern political and social administration of the period to be as cognisant of the chief characteristics of the incidents and characters of the novelist's writings as they are with those of Shakespeare if they would fully appreciate the meaning of the allusions and cartoons which incessantly find expression in the public press. Incidentally he illustrated the fact with an anecdote or two. He also dwelt upon the influence the writings of Dickens have in other directions, and the value of them apart from being works of fiction. Dickens's novels appeal to the heart as well as to the intellect of every class of the community and to every age of every class, and it is that which makes him a writer whose works will live as the works of our classics live, although for other reasons than those which have brought them into that category.

"Mr. Matz then took his audience hurriedly through the story of the life of the novelist, and displayed on the screen about a hundred excellent and unique slides, showing the houses in which Dickens lived and wrote, facsimile portions of different manuscripts, illustrations to his various books, views of places and scenes in his novels, and about a couple of dozen portraits of the novelist at different periods of his life. To all these the lecturer gave an interesting running commentary, and included suitable quotations from the novels, which added reality to each picture.

"The lecture was enjoyed by the crowded audience to the utmost, and a hearty vote of thanks was proposed to the lecturer, which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the famous Dickens authority, seconded. It was a pleasant surprise to all present to have the opportunity of hearing the veteran *litterateur* talk upon his favourite theme of Dickens. After paying a warm tribute to Mr. Matz for his pleasantly informative lecture, Mr. Fitzgerald related a few interesting reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, and other of their contemporaries."

## A DICKENS CONCORDANCE

OF the multifarious books which the works and life of Dickens have inspired there is still a want unsatisfied. When we heard that Miss Mary Williams was compiling "a Dickens concordance," * we hoped that the gap in the long list of Dickens handbooks would be filled. But we regret to say that the promise held out by the comprehensive nature of the sub-title to the book is by no means fulfilled by the contents of the little volume. It assures us that it is "a compendium of names and characters and principal places mentioned in all the works of Charles Dickens, containing first a list of the works, secondly a summary of chapters in each book or pamphlet, and thirdly a complete alphabetical index of names with the titles of books and number of chapters quoted." Now, if this little volume really contained all that the title suggests, it would indeed be a boon and a blessing to Dickensians, and it would, besides, be a volume of considerably greater length. Take, for instance, the *Pickwick Papers*. In Mr. Neale's invaluable "index" to the book there are 650 names and over 600 other references. And although we did not expect to find Miss Williams' book as comprehensive as this, we anticipated it would contain more than about 200 names and characters. We cannot either discover the summary of the chapters of the books. There are certain bald references to incidents as in the case of Chapter IV. of Bleak House. "Mr. and Mrs. Jellyby, Caddy and Peepy Jellyby, Boorioboolagha, Mr. Quale, philanthropist, Mr. Guppy, clerk to Kenge & Carboy, Thavies Inn." That cannot, however, be described as a summary of that particular chapter, and it is typical of the rest.

The alphabetical list of characters takes up nearly two-thirds of the volume, and, as far as it goes, is well done. But the volume as a whole will not compare in any degree with the well-known "Dickens Dictionary" by Messrs. Pierce & Wheeler.

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## THE STUDENT'S DICKENS

WE have received from the Normal Press copies of "Notes on 'David Copperfield'" and "Notes on 'A Tale of Two Cities,'" in their Tutorial Series. These two little pamphlets are intended for the use of students who are studying the two books for examination purposes, and to help to a critical knowledge and an intelligent appreciation of the works in question. To each is a short outline sketch of the novelist's life, an article in Dickens's style, a sketch of the plot, summary of chapters, notes, and sketches of the chief characters. Then come examination test papers. The first-named book is dealt with by G. M. Handley, and the latter by N. Stockwell, and both seem to be well done, and should be invaluable for the purpose for which they are written.

* Francis Griffiths, 34, Maiden Lane, W.C. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

## POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

### XXXIV

### A SONNET

AS glistening rain refresheth thirsty earth,
As dew brings sweeter life unto the flowers,
So, unto hosts of lives thy varied powers
Have given to heart and mind a better birth.
When Moses touched the rock, in the old days,
Lo! welcome streams most genially fell;
So doth thy pen delightfully compel,
The hardest heart to yield unto thy sway.
Thy themes, as poet, chiefly hope and love,
Thy aim, the happy good of all thy race;
Thy power, to mirth and sorrow both can move,
Can smooth our journey to that Higher Place,
Thou master of most pleasant Humour-wit,
Thine is the largest Heart-mind ever writ.

(From *The Examiner*, July 8, 1854.)

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## DICKENS IN "THE WORLD'S CLASSICS"

The publisher* of that excellent series of pocket volumes known as "The World's Classics" will earn the gratitude of all students of Victorian literature for adding to it "The New Spirit of the Age," by Richard Hengist Horne. The book has been out of print for years, and has been one of those well-known works which have been more talked about than read. And now we have it in a cheap, handy form for all to acquire and enjoy, for it is a book not only worth reading, but studying. It was originally published in 1844, and deals with the chief writers of the period from a critical point of view, the first of which is devoted to Dickens, and is the longest of all. Horne was a friend of the novelist, and joined the staff of *Household Words*, to which periodical he contributed freely. His estimate of Dickens is that of an out-and-out enthusiast, but he tempers his appreciation here and there with just comment. No student of the novelist should fail to add the volume to his shelf. In the first edition the volume had for frontispiece the portrait of Dickens engraved from the miniature by Margaret Gillies, which does not, however, appear in the present edition.

The publisher has also added to the series *The Pickwick Papers* in two volumes, with all the Phiz illustrations, and *Great Expectations*, with six new illustrations by Warwick Goble. We cannot say we admire the latter; indeed, they strike us as rather poor and scratchy.

* London: Henry Frowde.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## AMERICAN EDITIONS OF DICKENS

Sir,—I am rather surprised to read in the September number a communication accusing me of being inaccurate in the details of my article in the July number on "First and Early American Editions." I shall not return the compliment by accusing the writer of lacking in his powers of observation, because his description of *his* copy of the "Turney" edition of *Pickwick* does not agree with my copy, neither shall I accuse him of being colour blind, because he says the covers of his Harper edition of *Martin Chuzzlewit* are grey, while mine are blue.

I do not doubt at all that his copy of the "Turney" *Pickwick* says on the title page, "With fifty-four illustrations by Seymour, Phiz and Crowquill," but I reiterate that my copy simply says, "With illustrations by Crowquill," with no mention whatever of the other two artists.

Your correspondent also says, "Further, the frontispiece is not from the Sam Weller title, but the proper Phiz front." I do not doubt in the least that he is correctly describing his copy, but my copy has for its frontispiece the one used on the cover of the August number of *The Dickensian*, which is certainly the "Sam Weller" or Onwyn drawing, and not the Phiz.

His copy of the Harper *Martin Chuzzlewit* may have grey covers, but the covers of all the parts of my copy are blue but the first and last numbers, which were blue at one time, but have faded out to grey.

As to his copy of *Little Dorrit*, published by Peterson with dull red covers, being the first American edition, I am willing to take his word, as I have never seen it, and am aware of none earlier in book form, but both *Little Dorrit* and *Great Expectations* were first published in "Harper's Magazine," and the Petersen edition of *Great Expectations* is a reprint from the magazine, including the atrocious illustrations which he mentions.

Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. Yours truly, W. G. Wilkins.

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## EATANSWILL

The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of "The Crown":—

Sir,—I was much surprised to notice in your issue for September 14th an article on Eatanswill, in which your correspondent plainly shows that he has not read the literature extant on the subject, and, in fact, has only that dangerous thing—a little knowledge.

The refutation of his article is to be found in his own words.

"Pickwick and his friends reach first of all Eatanswill, then Bury St. Edmunds, now *(sic)* London, and finally, by a true equational instinct and *explicitly* Ipswich."

Some few Ipswichians may be satisfied to accept the "say-so" of others equally unstudied in the matter, generally oldest inhabitants, who are proverbially unreliable, but the thinking part of the community, including the President and members of the Ipswich Literary Society, have decided in favour of some other town—not Ipswich—being the *small* borough of Eatanswill, and are content with the honour of their town being the scene of Mr. Pickwick's adventure at the Great White Horse.

This is not from mere hearsay, but the record of a personal visit to all the places mentioned.

The ungenerous reference to the failing memory of a *former* esteemed veteran I will pass on, merely stating that he stands as high as ever

he did in the hearts and esteem of all true Dickensians, and that the point referred to is not one of memory, but one of judgment.

In conclusion, I would refer Mr. Woollan to the printed matter on the subject, notably the *Eatanswill Gazette* (Sudbury, 1907, Nos. 1-3), *Daily News*, April 9th, *Graphic*, May 4th, *Dickensian*, May, 1907, &c., &c.

Temple, September 20th. Yours truly, C. VAN NOORDEN.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

*"I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it?"*—ROSA DARTLE.

### QUESTION

DICKENSIANA.—Can any reader of *The Dickensian* kindly inform me where the following books may be obtained, and at what price?—"Charles Dickens as a Reader," by Chas. Kent; "In and out of Doors with Charles Dickens," by J. T. Fields (America). JADI.

### ANSWER

Kitton's *Dickensiana* was published by George Redway in 1886. Mr. Redway is now out of business as a publisher, and the book is out of print. A second-hand copy is worth from 7s. 6d. to 15s. BEE.

## THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

### HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

THE NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD.—The Guild held its annual general meeting at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., on Thursday, September 12th, at 7.30 p.m., Mr. E. P. Haslam in the chair. The hon. secretary and treasurer, Miss E. M. Miniken, presented a very satisfactory report, which was read by Mr. J. W. T. Ley. The balance-sheet showed that during the financial year just closed the Guild had doubled its income, rendered much assistance, and still had a small balance in hand. Mr. E. P. Haslam spoke of the good work being done amongst those who suffered in silence, and shunned public charity. He asked that each member would endeavour to persuade one other to join and so help to increase the funds in the coming year to £100; by so doing all would co-operate in multiplying the usefulness of the Guild. Miss Georgina Hogarth was again elected President, as were also Mrs. Henry F. Dickens, Mrs. Edmund Dickens, and Mrs. Snowden Ward as Vice-Presidents. Four members' representatives were elected to serve on the committee, namely, Miss K. Elliot, Miss J. Elliot, Mr. E. P. Haslam, and Mr. Snowden Ward. Mr. J. W. T. Ley asked for a hearty vote of thanks to the hon. secretary, which was seconded by Mr. E. P. Haslam, and unanimously accorded. The full balance-sheet will appear with the annual report of the Fellowship. The hon. secretary will be pleased to forward a copy of the Guild report to any member on receipt of postage, 1d., all letters to be addressed to her at Whitcomb House.

BRIXTON.—The annual meeting of this Fellowship branch was held on Tuesday, September 17th, in the Ladies' Parlour of Brixton Independent Church, at 8 p.m. Moderate attendance of members. Mr. Sidney Marriott, elected as chairman, gave a short address in reference to Dickensian affairs. He remarked at some length on the Pickwick Ex-

hibition at the Dudley Gallery, in which he has been largely interested; referring to some of its special visitors, lecturers, and curiosities. He also presented the claims of the proposed Dickens National Library in accordance with Mr. Snowden Ward's recent circular, received from headquarters, and announced the coming conference of the Fellowship to take place at the Holborn Restaurant, October 5th, Mrs. A. Stuart, Miss E. Cooper, and Messrs. Allbut, Marriott and Skeen having been appointed to attend as branch delegates.

A president was not elected for the present, the place being temporarily kept open in view of a suitable appointment. Messrs. Marriott, as treasurer, and Mr. R. Allbut, as secretary, were re-elected; also the present acting committee, with the addition of Mr. Sherlock, in place of Mr. H. Rose, who has left London. The financial report given by the treasurer, 1906-7, was unanimously adopted, showing present balance in hand 40s. 4d.

LUDDENDEN.—The inaugural meeting of the new branch of the Dickens Fellowship was held in the St. James's U.M.F.C. School on September 2nd. Mr. Alfred Yates presided, and Mr. Arthur Hayes, the well-known elocutionist, spoke on the aims of the Dickens Fellowship, and pointed out how a branch could be worked. He suggested that members should read, and recite from, or speak of Dickens, from various points of view, or that one of Dickens's works should be studied specially. Above all, he hoped they would be brotherly in their gatherings, as there was no greater note struck throughout Dickens's works than that of human fraternity. Later, Mr. Hayes read some fine passages from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and also recited "The Death of Little Nell." Mr. Hayes has a large repertoire of Dickens and other recitals, and his rendering of "The Death of Little Nell" was perhaps as pathetically vivid as the representation last winter of "Nicholas Nickleby." He was greeted with great applause. Miss Ethel Clarke and Mr. E. Farnell (both of Wainstalls) sang at intervals. Mr. C. Elliott, besides being the accompanist, contributed several musical selections.

TORONTO.—The record of the branch for the past year has been one of continued success and progress. The membership has increased by 100, but if those who have already joined for next year were included, our return would be of more than 400 members, instead of 300. The regular monthly meetings have been largely attended, and the programmes enjoyable and of a high class. The outstanding event of the year was the breach of promise trial, "Bardell v. Pickwick." Four performances had to be given, and it is probable that the play will be repeated next season. From the proceeds of the Pickwick play and of other entertainments, the branch has supported its "Dickens Cot" in the Home for Incurable Children, has contributed $50 to the summer Fresh Air Funds for the children of the poor, and has in hand a substantial balance for charitable work during the coming year. The branch is now the second largest branch in the world, but is not content with this, and will put forth every effort to reach first place before another year has passed.

YORK.—Members of this branch, who were joined by Miss Kidson, of the Leeds Branch, had an excursion to Helmsley, Duncomb Park, and Helmsley Castle on August 31st. The curious old houses, constructed of lath and plaster, and known as "Pots and Pans," or "Black and White," the quaint market place and cross, the famous monument to the second Earl of Faversham, the Norman church, ancient castle and mansion, and the beautiful park were the cause of great enjoyment. Being favoured with fine weather, the day's outing among the old historic district was much appreciated.

# DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

## BOOKS.

*Little Dorrit.* 2 volumes. In the "National" Edition. (Sold in sets only.) London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net. each.

*The Uncommercial Traveller, Bleak House,* and *The Old Curiosity Shop.* In the "Popular" Edition. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1s. net each cloth; 2s. net each leather.

*A Tale of Two Cities* and *David Copperfield,* with notes, introductions, &c., in the Normal Tutorial Series. The Normal Press, 110, Avondale Square, S.E. 9d. net each.

*A Christmas Carol* and *The Cricket on the Hearth,* with illustrations in colour and line, and an introduction by George Alfred Williams. Crown 4to, 6s. London: Cassell & Co.

*Mr. Pickwick's Christmas.* (The Christmas scenes from *The Pickwick Papers.*) With illustrations in colour and line, and an introduction by George Alfred Williams. Crown 4to, 6s. Same publishers.

## MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"The Children of Dickens," iv. *Little Folks,* September.

"Dickens and Foreigners." By Robert Pierpoint. *Observer,* August 4.

"Pickwickian Still." By John o' London. *T. P.'s Weekly,* August 9.

"The Paths of the Pilgrim." *Liverpool Courier,* August 22.

"The Pickwick Exhibition." *American Register,* August 31; *Sunday School Chronicle,* September 12; *Yorkshire Weekly Post,* September 12.

"Dickens at Lancaster." By W. Hewitson. *Manchester City News,* August 31.

"Charles Dickens in Switzerland." *Daily News,* September 4.

"A National Memorial to Charles Dickens." Letter from Lord James of Hereford. *Westminster Gazette,* September 5, and other papers.

"A Dickens Memorial." (Leader) *Bristol Western Press,* September 6; (Leader) *Manchester Courier,* September 6; (Leader) *Daily Telegraph,* September 9; *Yorkshire Daily Observer,* September 10; *Dublin Daily Express,* September 10.

"The Dickens Competition." Answers and Papers. *The Ibis Magazine and Journal of the Prudential Clerks Society,* September.

"Eatanswill: Ipswich *v.* Sudbury." By Henry Woollen. *The Crown,* September 14.

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# DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

### OCTOBER

5. Annual conference of the Dickens Fellowship at the Holborn Restaurant, London, at 2.30. At 6.30 dinner at the same place, at which the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor will preside. Tickets 5s. each from the Hon. Secretary, Whitcomb House, Whitcomb Street, W.C.

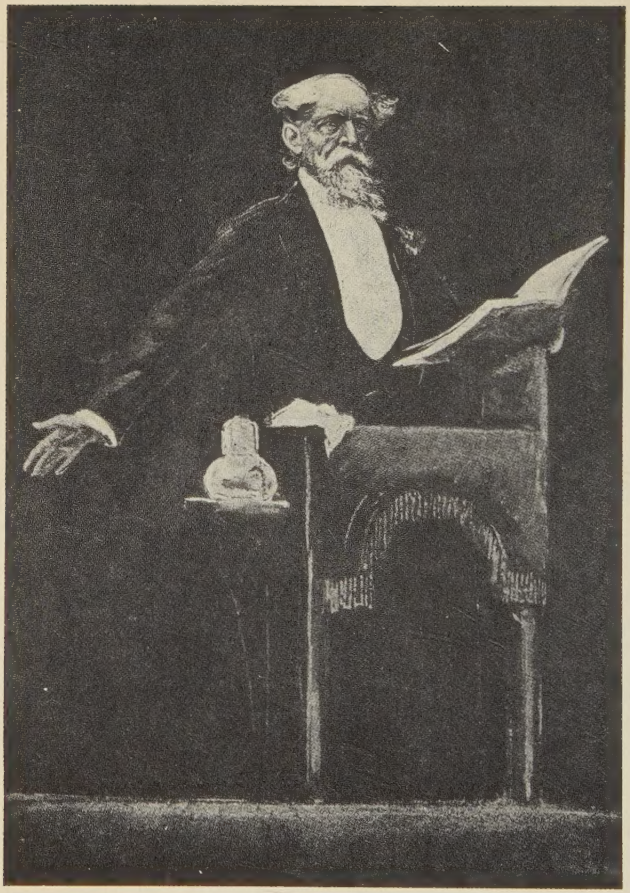
8. Liverpool Branch: Inaugural meeting and address by the President at Royal Institute.

   Brixton Branch: Lantern Lecture by Mr. Arthur Humphreys, "Switzerland and its Associations with Dickens," at Independent Church, at 8 o'clock.

10. Dublin Branch: Meeting at Sackville Café, at 8. Chairman, Sir Charles Cameron, C.B.

22. Gravesend: Papers by members on "David Copperfield."

    Brixton Branch: Lantern Lecture by Mr. Wm. Gaze, "Paris as Dickens Knew It," at Independent Church, at 8.



CHARLES DICKENS GIVING ONE OF HIS PUBLIC READINGS.

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See page 296.